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SELECT EARLY ENGLISH POETS, Nos. 2 and 3, containing CHAPMAN'S HYMNS OF HOMER; the *Batrachomyomachia*; and two Original Poetical Hymns. With an Introductory Preface, by S. W. Singer. 12mo.

SINCE the days of Percy and Warton, and the commentators on Shakspeare, our early poetry has met with a portion of the attention it deserves; and its influence upon our best modern poets has been one primary cause of their excellence. Yet, though much has been done, it has not always been done with judgment; and that it is still a mine worth exploring, the present judicious little publication will abundantly testify.

Does it not seem extraordinary, that in a late collection, professing itself to be a *body of the Standard English Poets*, not a line of Chapman's is to be found; while Sprat and Yalden, with a host of other unworthy versifiers, occupy its pages? It is true something was done, even in this case, toward the revival of a few neglected poetical worthies; but surely not enough, when such writings as this volume brings us acquainted with, were forgotten. Chapman, who flourished as a writer of verse for near fifty years, (i. e. from 1590 to 1634) was distinguished for learning, and a zealous devotion to his art, which fell to the lot of few of his contemporaries: he wrote many dramatic compositions, both tragedies and comedies, but does not appear to have been gifted with dramatic talent. It has been said, that "he would have made a great epic poet," and there seems little reason to doubt the assertion, for if ever writings bore evidence of that divine inspiration necessary to the sustentation of a great poem, his surely afford it. He appears to have been a martyr to his art; to have preferred poverty, with the noble consciousness of having deserved honourable notice, rather than stoop to flatter the prevailing taste of his age.

His great work is a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and is indeed a production of extraordinary merit, replete with beauties of the highest order; yet sometimes disgraced by absurdities, quaintnesses, and wanderings from his original. Both Dryden and Pope knew how to avail them-

VOL. II.

selves of their great precursor: and it may be said, without exaggeration, that at the time his Homer made its appearance, England, nay Europe, had seen nothing like it in the way of poetical translation. We cannot but join with Mr. Singer in wishing that encouragement may be held out to give it again to the public in a portable form, and think it would be a benefit conferred upon all lovers of our early literature. Besides Homer, Chapman translated the *Georgics* of Hesiod, and the *Erotopægnion* of Musæus; his original poems are but few, and those of very great rarity: of these the Hymns to Night and to Cynthia, upon the model of Homer's, form no unacceptable addition to the present volume. In the preface, the editor has given a brief notice of the poet and his works, with extracts from some of his poems, among which will be found the following beautiful passage from an Epicede or Funeral Song on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, in 1613, which may compare with any thing produced on a late similar melancholy occasion.

"If ever adverse influence envied  
The glory of our lands, or took a pride  
To trample on our height; or in the eye  
Struck all the pomp of principality,  
Now it hath done so.—Oh, if ever Heaven  
Made with the earth his angry reckoning even,  
Now it hath done so. —  
O God, to what end are thy graces given?  
Only to shew the world, men fit for heaven,  
Then ravish them, as if too good for earth?  
We know, the most exempt in wealth, power,  
birth,  
Or any other blessing, should employ  
(As to their chief end) all things they enjoy,  
To make them fit for heaven; and not pursue  
With hearty appetite the damned crew  
Of merely sensual and earthly pleasures.  
But when one hath done so, shall straight the  
treasures  
Digg'd to, in those deeps, be consumed by death?  
Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,  
Be, by the pattern of that master-piece,  
Help'd to instruct their erring faculties?"

After some extraordinary and powerful instances of personification, we have the following exquisite passage.

"On, on, sad train,—as from a cranny'd rock  
Bee-swarms, robb'd of their honey, ceaseless  
flock.  
Mourn, mourn,—dissected now his cold limbs lie;  
Ah, knit so late with flame and majesty.  
Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling  
eye?  
His judgment, valour, magnanimity?"

O God! what doth not one short hour match up  
Of all man's gloze?—Still overflows the cup  
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,  
And lighter than the shadow of a feather."

Chapman appears to have written on this occasion with heartfelt sorrow, for in Henry he lost his most gracious patron. He afterwards dedicates the *Odyssey* to his favourite Somerset, and at a later period these Hymns, in a fine original and powerful strain of philosophical and consolatory advice; the earnestness and affectionate sincerity of which, leaves no doubt that Chapman did not give credit to the charges made against the favourite. He says finely, "Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul  
In bodies chaste, with more divine control;  
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,  
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace."

And he concludes his dedicatory epistle with the following indignant and spirited lines.

If yet the vile soul of this verminous time,  
Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,  
Than this full sphere of poesies sweetest prime;  
Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,  
And rest your wings in his approv'd ascent  
That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell  
Into affections bought with things that sell,  
Being the sun's flow'r; and wrapt so in his sky,  
He cannot yield to every candle's eye.

The Epilogue to these Hymns is another fine specimen of Chapman's energetic and soul-entranced style: its earnestness, its force, and the anguish with which it seems to have been written, are truly affecting. The life of this mighty spirit was embittered by enemies, and neglectful friends; but he "knew his own worth, and revered the lyre;" and he thus beautifully and pathetically concludes,

For me, let just men judge by what I show  
In acts expos'd, how much I err or know;  
And let not envy make all worse than nought,  
With her mere headstrong and quite brainless  
thought:  
Others, for doing nothing, giving all;  
And bounding all worth in her bursten gall.

God and my dear Redeemer, rescue me  
From men's immane and mad impiety;  
And by my life and soul (sole known to them)  
Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem.  
And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,  
Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.

What adds much to the value of this publication is, that we have no other translation of these interesting Hymns, which are in themselves highly valuable, as containing a beautiful poetical ex-

position of some of the most interesting portions of ancient mythology; and though Chapman's fidelity as a translator does not constitute any part of his praise, yet the reader is made ample amends by the spirit and originality of his version, which gives to all that he touches a life and reality that is truly delightful. The Hymn to Pan is an exquisite example of his skill: the Hymn to Apollo is replete with beauty, and the Hymns to Hermes and to Venus are not much inferior. We have not room for extracts, but can without fear refer the lover of poetry to this elegant little volume for a rich intellectual treat, and think that no poetical collection can be complete without this specimen of the powers of the venerable and reverend Chapman, for it may well be said of him, in his own words,

"We have been wrong'd, by being kept so long  
From notice of your honourable parts."

*Mons. D'Olive.*

#### ROB ROY. 3 vols. 12mo.

This long-looked-for novel, by the author of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, has at last made its appearance; and can we speak more highly of it than to say that it is worthy of his hand?

We have debated with ourselves in what manner we should review this work. Were we to analyse the story, we might write an interesting article; but would it be just towards the author, or kind towards our fair friends, who hate and detest the foreknowledge of the denouement of any book which appeals so strongly as this does to their curiosity and feelings? No! we will not take advantage of our rapid publication, to ante-date one of the principal enjoyments to be derived from the perusal of *Rob Roy*: with an abstinence deserving of all praise, we will endeavour to deliver our opinions, without encroaching upon the mysteries of the narrative, and the éclaircissements of the conclusion.

In some respects this novel seems inferior, and in some superior, to its precursors. It is inferior in the general style and composition; which, though highly wrought in many parts, are yet carelessly enough slurred over in others: and it is, perhaps, inferior in depth of interest to *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. As a picture of manners, and as affording distinct portraits of characters (which are individuals, yet a class) it is equal to the

best which have gone before. And in adapting the particular story to a framework consistent with the nature of the times and state of the country in which the scene is laid, we think *Rob Roy* superior to all its predecessors.

The plots and intrigues preceding the rebellion of the year 1715, afforded admirable ground for much more of the marvellous than our author needs to employ in the construction of his volumes, which are so distinguished for their historical truth and accuracy of delineation, as absolutely to have been reviewed, by the most able periodical works in the world, as if they were real and authentic records of events which happened as they detail. The same power of delusion belongs to *Rob Roy*. It is impossible to fancy any part of it a fable. The men and women of its dramatis personæ live before us; the scenery is perfect nature; the incidents are identical history. The accession of the House of Hanover, the attempts of Jacobites, the existence of a country called Scotland, do not seem more undeniable, than the whole train of facts herein related, and the actual being of the *Osbaldistones*, *Jarvies*, *MacGregors*, &c. who people the world created by the poet's imagination, and perform the things he has told us they performed. Not Shakespeare himself has been more true to his characters: we think, if they acted otherwise, more or less, than they do, there would be some appearance of fiction; as it is, there is none.

Without forgetting our initiatory promise, we may state, that the plan of this delightful work consists of the adventures of Mr. Francis *Osbaldistone*, the son of a rich London Merchant, who refusing to engage in commercial pursuits, as desired by his father, is sent to an uncle's in Northumberland, almost disinherited. In his journey to the north, he falls in with Robert Campbell, a cattle dealer, alias *Rob Roy*, and by a skilful connexion of their fates, they become from that period interwoven with each other. Sir Hildebrand *Osbaldistone* (the uncle) and his six sons, form a massive group in this canvass, and the chief light is found in a Relative, who is living at *Cubhall*, Miss *Diana Vernon*, on whose character the author has exerted all his energies. It is that of *Flora Mac Iver*, somewhat softened, and embracing many different shades; equally exalted, but perhaps more natural. The only

other female who figures in the piece, is the wife of *Rob Roy*: a ruthless and desolate-hearted Amazon. The Chieftain of the *Clan Gregor* himself, is admirably drawn, though in him there has been less of invention necessary than in others. He seems only less barbarous, or, we may say, more civilised, than common fame has handed him down to us. A Scotch Gardener, *Andrew Fairservice*, is well depicted; a worldly, time-serving, selfish fellow; neither overburthened with sense nor principle; but yet contriving, by his officiousness, to occupy a conspicuous station in this drama. A Highland follower of *Rob Roy*, named *Dougal*, and a *Macgregor*, forms a contrast to *Fairservice*. He is faithful, brave, and devoted, cunning, shrewd, and dexterous. *Owen*, the principal clerk of the house of *Osbaldistone* and *Tresham*, is another portrait of unassuming pretensions, but of exquisite fidelity. The great city, and the wild hills of Scotia, alike submit their children to the development of our acute and masterly delineator. His images are equally vivid, whether drawn from the desk or the heath, the busy hum of men, or the solitude of deserts. But not one of the characters has delighted us more in the pencilling than *Baillie Jarvie* of Glasgow. If *Mr. Wheble* gave the hint for this admirable likeness, it is so full, so finished, and so thrown out by circumstances, that it leaves us nothing to wish for. We question whether any but Scotch readers will be able to appreciate the perfection of this sketch. The mixture of the pride of birth, though connected with an outlaw, and the opposite habits of a manufacturing education; the combined qualities of the son of *Deacon Jarvie*, honest man! Heaven be merciful to him! and the cousin of *Rob Roy*, for whom a heppan cravat is so surely predestined; the pacific and yet bold, the sober yet eccentric, the prudential yet generous acts of the worthy Glasgonian, constitute a tout ensemble of the richest order. Even in the minor characters, there is a degree of variety quite Homeric. The family of *Osbaldistone* are forcible examples of this. *Percival*, *Thorncliff*, *John*, *Richard*, and *Wilfred*, are all alter et idem; and *Rashleigh*, the youngest brother, a masterly portrait of villany. *Morris*, a cowardly Employé of government, is another specimen of the skill of the author: his subserviency, and his lamentable catas-

trophe, present an useful lesson to mankind. The description of his death, indeed, is one of the most touching and dreadful that we ever read. He is treacherously left as a hostage for the safety of Rob Roy, who is thus betrayed into the hands of his foes. Brought a prisoner to the wife of the Chieftain, immediately after she has been excited to fury by a sharp contest with, and victory over, a party of the military, whom Dougal misleads into a dangerous pass among the mountains, on the borders of a lake, we are told by Francis Osbaldistone, who is also a prisoner,

"The wife of Mac Gregor commanded that the hostage exchanged, for his safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only prolonged his fate. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

"He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would have given all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damp of the lowest caverns of their hills.

"It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing and contempt, with which the wife of Mac Gregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burthen it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind.—But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and

birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and the long-descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, batoning on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before you cloud has passed over the sun."

"She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered,—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, 'O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! save me!'

"I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurled him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, above which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sank without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life, for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence."

This grand and agonizing description brings Lord Byron forcibly to our recollection; and even by the side of that transcendent painter of human misery and mortal throes, it must be allowed, that the writer of our quotation need not shrink from a sense of inferiority.

We could wish to set before our readers some traits of Baillie Jarvie; but we fear it is difficult to accomplish this purpose within the scope of extracts consistent with our limits, and with our declared design, not to weaken the interest of the novel by garbled anticipations. When Mr. Osbaldistone asks his advice as to the best way to act for his father's advantage, and his

own honour, the dialogue thus proceeds,

"'Ye're right, young man—ye're right,' said Jarvie. 'Aye, take counsel of those who are aulder and wiser than yourself, and binna like a godless Rehoboam, who took the advice o' a wheen beardless callants, neglecting the auld counsellors who had sate at the feet o' his father Solomon, and, as it is weel put by Mr. Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honour—we ken naething here, but about credit. Honour is a homicide, and a blood-spiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent, honest man, that sits at hame, and makes the pat play.'

"'Assuredly, Mr. Jarvie,' said our friend Owen, 'credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount—'

"'Ye are right, Mr. Owen—ye are right; ye speak weel and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they're awae aje e'enow. But touching Robin (Roy) I am of opinion he will befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, puir Robin; and though I lost a matter o' twa hunder punds w' his former engagements, and haena muckle expectation ever to see back my thousand pund Scots that he promises me e'enow, yet I will never say but that Robin means fair by a' men.'

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man."

"'Umph,' replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough,—'Aye, he has a kind o' Hieland honesty—he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that bye-word came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew (ye'll hae heard mony a tale about him) asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting against him at Worster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort*. My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport—and sae the bye-word came up."

Among the finest pictures of this excellent book, we must notice that of the "Laigh Kirk" at Glasgow, and the sacred service performed there, which occurs in the second volume. It is inimitably good, and gives prodigious effect to the incident which takes place in "those waste regions of oblivion," where "dusky banners, and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'Princes in Israel:' where inscriptions, which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the pas-



sengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath."

The scenery of Northumberland and of the Highlands is painted with a force and colouring equally faithful. An artist would need no other studies to enable him to transfer its features from the paper to the canvass.

We can scarcely tear ourselves away from this fascinating subject; but dare not go on, lest we forget all our pledges, and dash into the very heart of the story. Suffice it to repeat, that Rob Roy is worthy of its author, and has added another laurel to his crown, another source to the fountains of intellectual enjoyments, another picture to the series of national manners, and another star to the galaxy of national literature.

*EPISTLES FROM BATH; or Q's Letters to his Yorkshire Relations, and Miscellaneous Poems.* By Q in the Corner. 8vo. pp. 71.

Modern Authors have discovered a new way of modestly recommending their works; for which they are indebted to modern Reviews. The practice is this: they extract from each critic whatever laudatory passages suit their views, and sinking all censure in oblivion, boldly place these paragraphs in the front of their advertisements, or in the tail of their next publication. We notice this custom here, because we are not disposed to quarrel with it in our good-humoured friend Q in the Corner; but we do see, in other instances, our opinions garbled out in this way, as vouchers for productions, which we should be heartily ashamed to praise, without the drawbacks which are forgotten in these quotations. This ought to teach us to be wary, and, in fact, severe, since that seems to be the only mode of saving our judgment from being compromised by discrepant selections. We shall not, however, practise our new virtue on the present occasion. These poems resemble the "Rough Sketches of Bath," which preceded them, from the same author, in being light, lively, and amusing. They are the veritable accompaniments to chocolate and muffins; and the tea-table in the evening may retail with advantage the literary repast which was devoured at the breakfast board in the morning. The writer has bestowed more attention upon his versification; and with the same natural and easy flow as his former production, we

have more general correctness, and much fewer particular errors. We annex a specimen from the sixth Epistle from Q to his sister Jane: the following description of an antiquated Fashionable is in good style.

"And then her poor Mother! 'twould ruffle a saint  
To look at her caxon, pearl-powder, and paint;  
Her pads and her corsets are managed so well,  
Those who follow her sometimes may think her  
a belle;  
But when you o'ertake her, astonished you find  
She's a Gorgon before, though a Venus behind;  
A nondescript thing shuffled into Society,  
Of age, youth, and folly, a motley variety;  
The faults of both ages her manners unfold,  
She cannot be young, and she will not be old;  
Let her polish and varnish as much as she will,  
The rust of antiquity hangs on her still.

Among some advice respecting modes we find—

"You next must observe, it is proper to wear  
A sort of plantation arranged in your hair;  
At the balls and the plays all the ladies I see,  
Look exactly like Daphne turned into a tree:  
How blest are the moments when fashion allows  
Fresh roses to bloom on a young lady's brows;  
It ever must sanction her smiles when she knows  
That all her flirtations are under the rose."

We do not dislike the following, though its best part is rather a close imitation of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"Oh, woman! by nature ordain'd to bestow  
Ev'ry joy that civilizes us pilgrims below;  
Through life ever hovering near to assuage  
The ills that assail us from boyhood to age;  
In every affliction man's surest relief,  
In sickness his nurse, and his solace in grief;  
When his spirit is clouded by error and shame,  
Her tenderness still may the truant reclaim:  
And he whom no threats and no terrors could  
move,  
Will bow to the milder dominion of Love.

In the realms of the gay we behold her advance,  
All lightness and loveliness, joining the dance;  
But the revellers gone, in seclusion she moves,  
Regardless of all save the one that she loves.

Enchantress! adorn'd with attractions like  
these,  
In mind and in person created to please;  
Oh! why will you sully the charms you possess,  
Instructing mankind how to worship you less?  
Thus perfect by nature, can fashion impart  
One additional charm with the finger of Art?  
No,—fruitless the search for fresh beauties  
must be,  
While all that is beautiful centres in thee."

Of the miscellaneous poems, "Love in a Cottage," is more prudential than poetical; lines "Written at the Sea Side," more poetical than any of the rest, and we therefore do ourselves the pleasure of concluding our review with a copy of them.

"The ocean is calm, and the winds are asleep,  
There is not a wave on the face of the deep,  
And the water all gilded with sun-beams appears  
Like the dimples of infancy smiling through tears;

All is silent around save the dash of the oar,  
And the echoes at intervals wafted from shore;  
Save the note of the sea-birds as onwards they  
glide,  
And the pebbles that whisper when touch'd by  
the tide.

Above us the sails almost motionless lie,  
So faint is the summer-breeze murmuring by;  
The billows, disturb'd by our boat, gently move,  
Like the soft waving down on the breast of a  
dove:

Where the rays of the sun are reflected most  
bright,

The vessels seem launch'd on an ocean of light;  
While some on the distant horizon appear,  
Like meteors illumined and floating in air.

When we gaze on the waters, how little we know  
Of the floods that unfathom'd are frowning below;  
Or who that now looks on this glittering form,  
Would dream of its terrors in whirlwind or storm!  
How many, encouraging visions of bliss,  
Have embark'd when the day seem'd as tranquil  
as this;

And thought not of storms or of dangers to come,  
Though they lurk'd in the breeze that seem'd  
wafting them home!

*Narrative of my Captivity in Japan, during the years 1811, 1812, and 1813; with Observations on the Country and the People.* By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. &c. &c.

(Concluded.)

The habits, customs, natural history, and opinions, of the people of Japan, may be partially gathered from the extracts which we subjoin.

"The Japanese are extremely fond of gardens, and love to imitate the works of nature. During our walks through the city, we frequently passed by houses with little pieces of cultivated ground. They all contained a pool of water, surrounded with trees and bushes. In the centre of the water two or three heaps of earth were usually collected to represent islands, with stones fixed upon them, by way of being rocks and mountains; some of these islands were even planted with shrubberies. In the water we sometimes observed little boats and vessels sailing about, which were, however, very badly made. Such were the ornaments usually attached to the houses of the poorer classes, whose bits of enclosed ground, or yards, were only a few paces in diameter; the richer class, however, have, in general, fine gardens. The climate of the island of Matsmai, notwithstanding its advantageous geographical situation, is, on account of other local circumstances, unfavourable for gardening; but from the accounts of the Japanese themselves there are many fine gardens on the island of Nippon, belonging to princes and other individuals of distinction, whose chief pride consists in admitting the common people to walk in them, and to wonder at the beauty of their cultivation. -----

"The forests of Matsmai are inhabited by bears, wolves, foxes, hares, stags, and wild goats. There are likewise some sables

to be found on this island, but their fur is of a reddish colour, and consequently of little value. The bears are uncommonly fierce, and attack men as well as other animals.

"The ice fox is never seen on the Kurile islands, and the inhabitants do not even know such an animal by name. When shewn their skins at Kamtschatka, they call them white foxes. They shoot sea-lions and sea-dogs, and catch eagles with sea-gulls, though not in the same way as they ensnare the foxes. They build a little shed with an aperture at the top, and in the interior fasten a sea-gull; in a short time the eagle darts upon his prey, seizes it with his claws, and whilst he is endeavouring to carry it off or devour it, he is killed by the Kuriles. It is only during the winter that the eagle inhabits the Kurile islands; on the approach of summer these birds of prey take flight to Kamtschatka."

The Japanese government (as we noticed in our last Number) consider it as a heinous crime to attempt the conversion of its subjects to Christianity. The unrelenting punishment of offenders in this way, may be traced to the disturbances which arose in consequence of the labours of ancient missionaries. Captain Golownin states that—

"The Japanese are not followers of new religions. They give, however, full liberty to a variety of sects, besides permitting the public profession of even the Kurile religion; but they are quite intolerant to Christianity, on account of the troubles it has occasioned among them. The Catholic priests, who formerly lived in Japan, and enjoyed every freedom, preached the Christian faith, and converted a great number of the natives; but, at last, the progress of the new religion gave rise to a dreadful civil war. For this reason, after the complete extirpation of the Christians, the following inscription was placed at the head of the stone tablets of laws, which are fixed up in all public places, and even in the streets:—"*Whoever knows any individual who has taught Christianity, and can convict him thereof, shall receive a reward of five hundred silver pieces.*"—There is, likewise, a law which prohibits masters from hiring servants till they receive from them a written assurance of their not being Christians. In Nangasaky, where Christianity had made the greatest progress, there is a staircase, on the steps of which are laid various ornaments and utensils of the Catholic church, and on the first step a crucifix. On new year's day all the inhabitants of Nangasaky are obliged to ascend these steps; and, as a proof that they are not Christians, trample on the articles. The interpreter assured us, that many Christians who live at Nangasaky, comply with this regulation from interested motives."

One day a dinner was sent to the prisoners of a superior quality, and served in elegant dishes. They could not guess whence this treat came; but afterwards learnt, that it was sent by a rich man, who was suffering under a dangerous fit of illness, and that in such cases it was usual in Japan to send presents of that sort to the poor and unfortunate. We have already mentioned that wilful-fire-raising is not uncommon in this country, and described the horrible punishment which awaits the wretch convicted of this offence,—its frequency being another proof of the inadequacy of mere vindictive visitation to prevent crime. The Japanese customs when fires occur are in other respects rather curious:—

"Both officers and soldiers wear a particular dress. It exactly resembles their military uniform; consisting of coats of mail, sleeve-cases, &c. But the whole is composed of light varnished leather, so that this armour is not burthensome to the wearer, and cannot be injured by the sparks which issue from the fire. On the coat of mail, the rank and office of the bearer are described. To extinguish a fire is regarded a most glorious achievement among the Japanese. When a fire breaks out in the capital, where there are numerous corps of troops, the commander who first proceeds to extinguish it, fixes his standard near the spot, and it is deemed exceedingly offensive if another officer lends his assistance without being invited by him who has by his early arrival obtained possession of the ground. In former times, occurrences of this nature frequently gave rise to duels between the princes and grandees, and sometimes battles, in which their respective adherents engaged. Even now serious contentions often arise when one officer shews an inclination to deprive another of the honour of having extinguished a fire."

The information possessed by this jealous people with regard to the rest of the world, may be imagined when we relate that in one of the examinations of their captives, the governor desired to know whether some change of religion had not taken place in Russia, as Laxman (a recent traveller) wore a long tail, and had thick hair "which he covered all over with flour," and Captain Golownin and his companions had their hair cut quite short, and did not put flour upon their heads.

"On our telling them (says the author) that with us there was no connexion between religion and the form of the hair, they laughed out loud, and expressed no little surprise that there should be no express law on this point."

At another time the question was put—

"Whose office is it on board the Russian vessels to *foretell* the state of the wind and weather?" When we replied, that this task was not allotted to any particular officer, but that it was part of the duty of the commander of the ship, they were not a little astonished; for with them, a boat never puts to sea without having a *prophet of the weather* on board."

Thus fortified, we suppose, we may read the risks of the following passage without trembling for the navigators, and their land progress seems equally secure.

"The Japanese cross the Straits of Sangar from Matsmai to a well-sheltered bay near the city of Minaya. As they never undertake it except with a favourable wind, they are in general only a few hours at sea. Minaya is about 200 rees, or 800 wersts,\* from Yeddo. Persons of distinction travel in litters or sedan chairs, and the common people on horseback. A great number of men are, therefore, always kept at the post stations. The Japanese assured us that the litter-bearers, from long experience, proceed with so much steadiness, that if a glass of water was placed in the litter, not a drop would be spilt."

It seems that they are slow as well as sure, for their very couriers perform little more than 50 miles a day.

Of the foreign relations of a people who decline all foreign intercourse, it is not likely that much intelligence should be given. Yet there are some curious facts disclosed in these volumes, which seem to indicate more than they express, especially if we look to the present era, when the exploration of distant lands is an European passion, and an interference with them an inevitable consequence. We know no quarter of the earth more likely to shine in the history of the next twenty years than China and the island nations in its eastern seas. The mighty tide of moral and physical force must now roll onward, and this way lies its obvious course.

The interpreters frequently told Captain Golownin that it was more than 300 years since the Japanese had visited the Kurile islands as far as Kamtschatka; that they might easily have retained possession of them; and that the Kuriles and Japanese were originally the same people, as appeared from the number of words common to both languages. It is a singular proof of the truth of this assertion, that they

\* Two English miles are nearly equal to three Russian wersts.—EDITOR.

called Kamtschatka, as the Kamtschadkales do, Kurumyschi, and use many of the native words of that people.

One of the persons from whom the prisoners received the greatest attention, was an officer, who in his youth had experienced a misfortune similar to their own:

Look through the world, you'll always find  
A fellow feeling makes us kind;

and whose adventure shews the state of affairs between China and Japan. We know not where the *prophet of the weather* was, but we are told of this officer, that

"As he was sailing through the Straits of Sangar, a storm arose; the ship lost her masts and rudder, and was driven on the coast of China, where the crew were all made prisoners by the Chinese, and kept in confinement for six years."

The Dutch indeed seem to be, or rather to have been, the only nation tolerated as visitors by the Japanese.

"On our remarking (says Captain Golownin) that the Dutch cheated the Japanese, by selling them wretched merchandise at high prices, Teske (an intelligent native) replied that the Japanese government was perfectly aware of that; but, notwithstanding, would not alter the old arrangements. In our conversation on this subject, he related the following anecdote:—The war with England having prevented the Dutch from trading direct to Japan, they freighted ships in the United States of America with valuable cargoes for Japan. These ships entered Nangasaky under the Dutch flag. The cargoes were delivered before the Japanese began to take particular notice that both these ships and their crews differed very much in appearance from the vessels and seamen they had been accustomed to see. But suspicion was in particular excited by the superior quality of the goods, which were, in fact, all English. The government, on discovering this, immediately ordered the ships to be reloaded and dismissed from the harbour"!!!

As it is our wish rather to recommend, than to exhaust, these volumes with our readers, we shall now take our leave of Captain Golownin's Narrative, from which we have received very considerable entertainment and information. The globe presents no nation more curious than that at which he has given us a peep; and overlooking, as well as some carelessness in style, the very strange defect of having the best parts of the work thrown into notes instead of being interwoven in the main story, we can honestly bear testimony to the merits of this publication, should our following it through

three Numbers of the Literary Gazette not have procured for it the suffrages of the public.

*THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER, or the Art of Ancient Sculpture considered in a new point of view; comprising an Essay on the taste of the Polychromous Sculpture, an explanatory Analysis of the Toreutic, and the History of Statuary in Gold and Ivory among the Greeks and Romans, with the Restitution of the principal Monuments of that Art, and the practical demonstration, or renewal of the mechanical proceedings. Dedicated to the King, by M. Quatremere de Quincy, Member of the Institute. 1 vol. in folio, with 32 plates, mostly coloured. Reviewed by M. Letronne, in the Journal des Savans for November 1817.*

The alliance of several colours, and the mixture of several substances of different colours in works of sculpture, have been hitherto regarded by the moderns as foreign to the *resort*, and the natural means, of sculpture, and as indicating in a nation an essentially vicious taste, proper to the infancy or to the decline of the arts.

This opinion, which has been set up as an incontestible principle, doubtless owes its origin to the state in which the taste of the ancients in sculpture has shewn itself to the moderns. All the monuments of this art, composed of several substances joined together, or of metallic parts, were naturally the first to yield to the action of time, and to disappear for ever; while works, formed entirely of marble, have been able to resist longer, and to come down to us. At the sight of these masterpieces, people were far from suspecting that they were perhaps only the least perishable fragments of an art, the secret of which was lost. They thought that monochromous sculpture was the only kind in honour among the Greeks; they persuaded themselves, that it was the only one which taste could avow, and they were led to consider as exceptions, owing to the whims of individuals, the examples furnished by antiquity, which opposed the theory that was alone authorised by the facts which they had before their eyes.

It was at the time that the munificence of Pius VI. caused numerous excavations to be made, and were daily rewarded by the discovery of some precious monuments, that the author of the "Olympian Jupiter" went to Rome. Having exhausted his admiration on the remains of antiquity, he resolved to compare them with the accounts of the ancients. The attentive perusal of the historians of the arts, particularly of Pausanias and Pliny, made him pass from astonishment to a sort of indifference. The sight of Rome only increased his regret for the works which time had destroyed, and his admiration for the artists who had pro-

duced them. In fact it was not long before he perceived that scarcely any of the most famous originals had come down to us; that among the great number of works extolled by the ancients, one could scarcely find three or four which had escaped destruction, under the form of copies, more or less resembling them; lastly, that, with very few exceptions, those to which we give the title of masterpieces, are but copies\* of some works in bronze but little famed, or the production of an inferior artist.

This observation was the first which led him to consider ancient sculpture under a new point of view.

In reading the ancient authors he saw that almost all the most celebrated works were composed of metal or of ivory, of both these substances at once, of several metals together, or, lastly, of marbles of different colours in the same statue. This was enough to explain to him the cause which had deprived us of them, and at the same time to make him suspect that the mixture of colours had been more general than had till then been believed.

A great number of monuments supported the written testimonies. Herms were found composed of two marbles of different colours; marble busts, the drapery of which was of alabaster; statues of marble, of the highest merit, which had accessory parts in bronze: thus the gladiator retains the marks of the iron cramps which served to fasten a buckle of bronze; the crown of Laocoon has among its leaves holes in which were incrustated laurel berries of metal. It is certain that the Minerva in the frontispiece of the Parthenon, had a helmet, a buckle, and an egis of bronze. Besides this combination of various substances, there are observed in several pieces, varieties, owing to a layer of colour applied to the hair and the draperies; it was proved that the bas-relief of the Parthenon had been coloured in different manners; that the same was the case with the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and with some other monuments of the finest period of the art; lastly, that this practice had been even extended to works of architecture. Thus testimonies of every kind shewed that a taste for works of polychromous sculpture had been general among the Greeks. But the point was to follow all the traces of this taste, so constantly charged with barbarism; to note the successive modifications of it; to shew it at once in practice and in honour, among that people who had formed the soundest and purest ideas of the principles that constitute the beautiful of every kind.

Such is the principal object aimed at by the author of the *Olympian Jupiter*, and which we have judged it necessary to point out clearly, that our readers might be the better able to comprehend beforehand, the

\* We refer our readers to No. 48 of the Literary Gazette, for the remarkable coincidence of Canova's opinion with that of M. Quatremere de Quincy.



point of view which he has followed in his beautiful and important researches.

This work, which embraces the entire history of polychromous sculpture among the ancients, comprises six parts; each divided into a certain number of paragraphs, or chapters: the first contains general reflections on polychromous sculpture; the object of the second is to explain the nature of the Toreutic, and to unfold the different methods of that branch of the art; the third, fourth, and fifth contain the complete history of the Chryselephantine sculpture, or that in gold and ivory, from its origin, to the reign of Constantine; the sixth and last part is employed in explaining the mechanical proceedings in the making of statues and Colossuses in gold and ivory.

The researches, the profound discussions in this work, which is entirely new, both in the whole and in the parts, the new ideas which the author naturally deduces from them are so numerous and so various, that it would be difficult to follow him in all the details; we shall therefore confine ourselves, in our analysis, as short as is consistent with the duty of giving a just idea of his work, with pointing out to our readers the principal features which characterise it, and with directing their attention to the new facts with which he enriches the history of this art.

The taste for polychromous works among the Greeks having been once well proved, it was natural to seek its origin in the primitive destination of sculpture among them.

The Greeks, like all savage people, had originally the custom to colour the shapeless images of their idols; a rather higher degree of civilization produced a taste for statues draped with real stuffs. Religion consecrated these usages; art, in its successive progress, was forced to respect them. If, when it reproduced the ancient statues, it was permitted by degrees to give the contours and the features a little more delicacy and correctness, it was always obliged to approach, at least in the general appearance, the models which for so many ages had been the object of the veneration of the people.

This kind of struggle between religion, which preserves customs, and the mind of man, which, as it becomes improved, always tends to modify them, manifests itself in all the epochs of the history of art among the Greeks, and explains how the taste of dressing and colouring the statues of the gods, shews itself in the most flourishing periods, in competition with statuary in bronze, in gold, in ivory, and in marble, which is only a happy modification, and which successive improvements had almost every where substituted for it.

It is almost certain, that the first statues of the Greeks were of wood, and of wood coloured. The Egyptian colonies had powerfully contributed to give more strength to the taste prevailing among the Greeks, by bringing painted images and statues of the gods coloured in the manner of the

Cases of Mummies. These wooden statues, either simply coloured, or draped like puppets, became extremely common; and according to a very ingenious idea of the author's, founded on the principle of the servile imitation commanded by religion, they gave birth to a particular taste in sculpture, which characterised the school of Aegina. The works in this taste, which are distinguished by the peculiar stiffness of the attitudes, by a prettiness of style, by the artful and studied disposition of the draperies, and by the most finished execution in the details, had hitherto been attributed to the Etruscans. M. Quatremère de Quincy shews that they have all the characteristics ascribed by the ancients to the works in the Aeginetic style; he attributes the dryness and infinite minuteness of the draperies which cover them, to the custom of imitating the ancient wooden statues, which were originally draped in stuffs, the folds of which were fixed by means of a gun water. This conjecture is equally ingenious and probable. As for his idea on the Aeginetic style, which he developed in 1806, it has since received (in 1811) complete confirmation by the discovery, made in the island of Aegina, of fifteen marble statues, which formed part of the ornaments of two frontispieces of a temple, and which are precisely in the style which, with rare sagacity, he had shewn to be that of the Aeginetic school. A most remarkable coincidence is, that one of those figures has been found to be in the attitude used in the draperies, and precisely identical with a bronze statue described by Buonarroti, and which M. Quatremère had placed in the number of the works which might give an idea of the style of that school.\*

(To be concluded in our next.)

\* We beg leave to refer our readers to our 22d Number for an interesting account of the statues found at Aegina, which throw great light on the researches of M. Quatremère de Quincy.—EDITOR.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

Having seen in two of your preceding Numbers some remarks on Epitaphs, I am induced to send you the following observations on a similar subject.

Into whatever place I go, my first and dearest pleasure is to stray through its churchyard. The solemn and hallowing reflections which such a spot cannot fail to excite;—the high truths that spring from every stone;—the communion one holds, as it were, with the grave;—and the approximation our soul more especially feels to its God, when, spurning the shackles of its tenement of clay, it seems to mingle with its own eternity,—are enjoyments of no common stamp. But, independent of

these sublimest feelings of our nature, a churchyard presents a scene of a most attractive kind. Its motley group of inhabitants—the unlettered effusions of the lowly survivors—the rude efforts of the rustic Muse—and the transient sparks of lingering vanity, all combine to excite the blended sensations of regret and chastened mirth.

We can indeed scarcely refrain from shedding the tear of mortality at the recollection of the undistinguished and undistinguishing group before our eyes. The aged veteran in the contests of life, now gathered to his fathers, like a shock of corn in its full ripeness, and smiling, as it were, in the tranquillity of the tomb;—the little infant,

“strangled in life's porch;”

and the blooming maiden,

“Whose lovely unappropriated sweets  
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand,”

here sleep side by side, and commingle with their kindred dust. The sigh of Sorrow has ceased to swell, and the pulse of Hope to beat;—the tear of Misery has become a gem in Heaven's diadem of glory; and the strain of Innocence here still hymns its carols to the harps of Mercy and of Peace.

But these melancholy yet mildly-pleasing feelings, will give place to smiles upon reading the various mementos of mortality. The little family details of sickness,—the good man's lengthened suffering,—the fruitless draughts of physic,—his friendly and consoling advice to every passer-by, of

“Weep not for me, I am not dead,  
I'm but undress'd, and gone to bed;”

the fantastic figures of little cherubs pointing to their holy tents,—the grim representation of a Death's head reposing in sullen scowl on two cross-bones,—or the grotesque sculpture of the honest man's flight to heaven in the shape of a plump-checked-puffing angel,—present an assemblage of relieves and ideas so irresistibly ludicrous, that we half forget the place where they are, and are tempted to deem them the offspring and invention of some comic satire. Let them, however, have their merit; they come “warm from the heart,” and are at the same time totally free from those indelicate and disgusting figures which, in “older times,” and, to the disgrace of our good forefathers, used to contaminate the walls and every corner of our churches, and which took their rise from the malevolent spirit of opposition of the secular clergy to the friars of former days.†

We are enabled to trace the antiquity of Epitaphs to an early date. Many instances

\* “Physic did me no good,”—part of an Epitaph in Minchin-Hampton Churchyard, Gloucestershire.

† I have read the above lines in some churchyard in Cumberland, though I forget the name of the village.

‡ Vide Walpole's, p. 5.

of Epitaphs, in prose and verse, may be collected from the old Greek poets and historians, who yet were but children to the Chaldeans and Egyptians. But the oldest precedent of Epitaphs must be that recorded in the oldest history, viz. the Old Testament, 1 Sam. vi. 16, where it is recorded, that the great stone erected as a memorial unto Abel, by his father Adam, remained unto that day in being, and its name was called the "Stone of Abel;" and its elegy was, "Here was shed the blood of righteous Abel," as it is also called 4000 years after, Matt. xxiii. 35;—and this is the original of monumental memorials and elegies. But my present limits will not allow me to pursue this seductive inquiry further.

There is scarcely any species of composition so difficult as the Epitaph, and yet so beautiful when attained. It ought to unite the terse brevity of the Epigram with the pathos of the Elegy;—dignified, yet at the same time familiar; sublime, yet striking the chords of every bosom; an union so high and so difficult, that it is no wonder many have failed in its execution. Dr. Johnson has censured the motley mixture of Latin and English in inscriptions of this nature, and with justice, for it presents too harlequin an appearance for so solemn a subject as a last tribute to the dead. The nerve and conciseness of the Latin is perhaps better calculated for the Epitaph than our own more paraphrastic language; though, as it is a subject which ought to speak aloud to all, it is in most cases better to clothe it in the garb of our own "honest kersey" language, than enrobe it in the ornaments of a foreign style. Still, to the man of taste and the scholar, the inexpressible beauty of many a Latin Epitaph must plead hard for a more extensive use; and indeed who can read the beautiful lines of that eminent scholar Bishop Lowth on his daughter, who fell dead into his arms, without readily yielding the palm to that language which contains so much sweetness and pathos?

"Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,  
At plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale!"

Cara Maria vale! at veniet felicius ævum,  
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero.

Cara redi, læta tum dicam voce, "paternos  
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!"

I have frequently, though in vain, attempted an English poetical version of this inimitable effusion. One of its principal beauties is the repetition of that term of endearment, "Cara," which would be altogether lost in an English dress; and the last couplet is one of those delicate touches of

simplicity and pathos, and affecting allusion, which all perhaps can feel, but so few are able to express.\*

Of a different description altogether, yet equally simple and grand, is the one on Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Church: "Si monumentum quæras, circumspece"—

Seek'st thou his monument?—behold the dome!

Having given two such beautiful specimens of Latin Epitaphs, I would now plead hard for the insertion of an English one, which in every point of view, whether as poetry in general, or that more particular species, the Epitaph, seems to me to merit a high degree of praise. It is the perfection of poetry to render description as equal as possible to life, and to place the particular object immediately before our eyes. With respect to inscriptions in general, Boileau gives this rule, "Que les inscriptions doivent être simples, courtes et familières,"—and in all do I contend for the preeminence of my Epitaph. Behold it then.

"Here lies the body of Elizabeth Dent,  
Who kick'd up her heels, and away she went!"

Can any thing be more simple, more brief, or more familiar? yet what a picture is presented to our minds! "Away she went." We almost fancy we see the good woman skimming through the fields of air, "Like Mary Lee of Castella. The clouds her steeds, the winds her charioteer."† It is also no small beauty that the poet has contrived that the principal emphasis in the last line should be laid upon "away,"—it almost gives life to the picture. There is also great ingenuity in bringing something to our imagination; we are not told "whither she went," and our interest is thus kept alive by hopes and fears respecting her ultimate destination.

Should you not, Mr. Editor, be alarmed at the prolixity of my epistolary mania, I may perhaps shortly send you another specimen of my sepulchral taste. Till then,

I am, Sir, &c. ENTAPHIOS.

From other correspondents we have received the following:—

*An Inscription from a Monumental Tablet in the Cemetery of the Four Sections, Rue Vaugirard, Paris.*

1<sup>re</sup> Nivose, 6 heures du Matin, 22 X<sup>bre</sup>, 1802.

LOUISE LE FÈVRE,

Âgée de 23 ans.

Victime de la mode meurtrière.

Vertu, grâces, beauté, modestie, ame bonne et sensible,

La fîrent estimer et chérir.

Repose en paix ô ma LOUISE,

Six ans de bonheur, comme un éclair

Se sont écoulés!

Morte à tous les yeux

Tu vivais dans mon cœur.

Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses.

\* Mr. J. Duncombe has versified it; but his attempt has been what Dryden calls

"Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry."

† Hogg's Pilgrim of the Sun.

*In Radcliffe upon Soar, on Robert Smith, 1782, is inscribed—*

Fifty-five years it was and something more,  
Clerk of this parish, he the office bore;  
And in that space, 'tis awful to declare,  
Two generations buried by him were!

*At Penryn, in Cornwall.*

Here lies William Smith; and, what is somewhat rarish,

He was born, bred, and hang'd in this parish!

J. J.

A SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME.

*An Epitaph on a Tomb-Stone in St. Edmund's Churchyard, Salisbury.*

Innocence embellishes divinely complex  
To prescience coeget, now sublimely great  
In the benignant, perfecting, vivifying state  
Go heav'nly Guardian occupy the skies  
The pre-existent God, omnipotent, allwise  
He can surpassingly immortalize the theme  
And permanent thy soul, celestial, supreme  
When gracious refulgence bid the Grave resign  
The Creator's nursing protection be thine  
So each perspiring Æther will joyfully rise  
Transcendently good, supereminently wise.

JOURNEY TO MOUNT ETNA.\*

----- We rode towards Etna. The day was fine, but the sun burned hotly, and our mules carried us very slowly up the mountain, on the difficult, slippery, and sandy way. We at last saw beneath us the pleasant town of Catania, where we had lived so happily, and the broad expanse of the sea, though the edge of it seemed to rise gradually towards the horizon. Our Catanian landlord, and a sumpter-horse to carry the provisions, followed us.

These lava fields are known to be prodigiously fertile, and from their black bosom rises without interruption the richest luxuriance of the southern vegetation. Hence it is that we find on this dangerous crust of lava the most flourishing, nay the only villages in Sicily, and for the twelve miles from Catania to the last village called Nicolosi, pass through nothing but blooming gardens and prosperous towns; but on the other hand this first part of the road, in the cultivated region of Etna,† is rendered disagreeable from being entirely confined between the walls of vineyards. About half a mile below Nicolosi, the black grey lava sand begins to cover the earth

\* Undertaken from Catania, by three Germans and one Englishman, on the 30th and 31st of May, and 1st and 2d of June 1815. Specimen of a Tour through Italy and Sicily, which was made in the years 1813 and 1814, by Professor Kephallides, in Breslaw, provided with all the previous knowledge, and all the qualifications of an observant traveller. This tour, illustrated with maps, is expected to appear at the Leipzig fair at Easter 1818.

† The inhabitants of Etna divide their mountain into three regions: *regione collis, regione nemorosa, regione nevosa, or discoperla.*

§ Vide Athenian Oracle.

|| Life of Pope.

¶ There is a most unfortunate specimen of harlequinade upon a monument in St. James's Church—

To the Memory of

&c. &c. &c.

Mercator Fortunatus,

Natus Eleventh of — One Thousand —

Obit Ninth of — One Thousand, &c.



with mourning up to the summit of the volcano, a distance of about twenty miles, and presents an infinitely gloomy, and almost terrifying sight. Not far from the village, there lies a very deep extinguished crater, which threw out fire about three centuries ago.

Towards evening we arrived at Nicolosi, and found a most kind and hospitable reception in the house of Don Mario Gemmellaro, the Intendant and Physician of the place. This very amiable man, equally estimable for his modesty and his knowledge, is so interesting to every traveller to Etna, that we hope some account of him may be acceptable.

Whoever ascends Etna on the side of Catania, must either stop at the convent of San Nicolosi d'Arena, near Nicolosi, or apply in the village itself, to the hospitality of Mr. Gemmellaro, who has always the goodness to lend a room to travellers. We should advise every body to adopt the latter course, because the advice of this gentleman, who for these fifteen years has observed the volcano with remarkable interest and zeal, will be of the greatest service to every sensible person. Before the year 1804, he had built a small house near the Philosopher's Tower (about three quarters of a league below the high crater) to protect travellers from snow, hail, and storms, when an English officer, Lord Forbes, having experienced the advantage of such a shelter, induced Don Mario, by promising to open a subscription among his countrymen on the island, to build a convenient house for travellers, as well as a stable for sumpter-horses and mules. This little building, which was finished the same year, will be appreciated at its full value by every one, who, after suffering from the wind, ice, and cold, arrives at the cone of the volcano. The English call this little asylum "The house of the English;" but the inhabitants of Etna give it the name of "The house of Gemmellaro," (*Casadi Gemmellaro*) as he was at the chief expense and trouble in erecting it. Every traveller receives the keys gratis. Gemmellaro's house lies close to the lava eruption of the year 1787, and at the mouth of the crater of the year 1669, which swallowed up the cone of the volcano. Gemmellaro and his faithful companion, Antonio Barbagallo, have traversed this remarkable mountain with indefatigable labour; and the former would, without doubt, be able to give a better account of this volcano than Ferraro, who never went up Etna.

After a short repose, we set out at near ten o'clock at night, accompanied by one guide, riding on a mule, and a second on foot. We stumbled over the very fatiguing way through the woody region, (*regione nemorosa*) in a dark night, upon our mules, without meeting any accident; thanks to our sagacious animals that we did not break our necks in these intricate narrow paths among the lava rocks. At length the moon emerged from the clouds, and her pale

light displayed at an immeasurable depth below us the bright mirror of the sun.

We now arrived in the snowy region, (*regione nevosa*) when suddenly the sky was covered with black tempestuous clouds, and the bleak air benumbed us. We could not now hope to see the sun rise, for the sake of which we had pushed so briskly forward; for this reason, and from having suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, we resolved to rest ourselves in the lava cavern, called Grotta del Castelluccio. After we had taken a cheerful breakfast, though with chattering teeth, we continued to wade through the immense field of volcanic ashes,—the Grotta del Castelluccio lying two hours below the crater. At length, the sun rising from the sea, amidst the stormy clouds, illumined the frightful wilderness, which we had not yet perfectly seen. All vegetation, except green tufts of moss, had long been passed: surrounded with clouds and smoke, we proceeded, sometimes over white fields of snow, sometimes through a black sea of ashes, towards the summit, unable to see above fifty steps before us. In this way we had advanced about a thousand paces from Gemmellaro's house, when suddenly our English companion began to groan terribly, and fell from his mule into the arms of the guide. This unlucky event, in the gloomy solitude, and amidst the clouds of smoke, embarrassed us not a little, and of course put an end to our Etna journey for the present; for what were we to do with our sick companion? Our little stock of wine, which might, perhaps, have refreshed him, we had left in the cavern Del Castelluccio; and as the chief cause of his illness was the rarified air, and the extraordinary change of temperature from 27° of heat to freezing, it would have been folly to proceed further up to Gemmellaro's empty house. After he had recovered himself a little, therefore, we covered him with mantles, and carried him, as he was not able to ride on his mule, down to the Grotta del Castelluccio. Here he was again taken so ill, and fainted so often, that we thought him dying. However, an hour's sleep, and the warm and denser air braced him so much, that he was able to proceed with us to Nicolosi.

(To be continued.)

‡ *Memoria dell' Etna nell' 1809, di M. Gemmellaro di Catania. Messina presso del Nobolo 1809, and Don Giuseppe Recupero Storia generale e naturale dell' Etna. Tom. I. fol. Catania 1815. Published by Agatino Recupero.*

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Oxford, JAN. 10.—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces, and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Term:—viz. Wednesday, January 14; Thursday, 22; Saturday, 31; Wednesday, February 11; Wednesday, 25; Wednesday, March 4; Saturday, 14.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

##### THE FINE ARTS IN ITALY.

In our No. 49 we reviewed a work intitled, "ROME, FLORENCE, AND NAPLES," by Count de Stendhal; and in the Literary Intelligence, in the preceding Number, mentioned a publication well-spoken of by the Parisian critics—the History of Painting in Italy, by M. B. A. A. We have now reason to believe that the Count de Stendhal is a fictitious name, and that both these productions are by the same hand. Should this be the case, a few extracts from the former may afford some criterion of the author's qualifications to treat the subject of the Arts in a manner so as to merit the commendation bestowed by the French connoisseurs upon the latter, which we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing. They are besides interesting notices of the state of the Arts in Italy at the present era.

"I have many reproaches to make myself, that, in speaking of Naples, the fine statue of Aristides, at the *Studi*, was passed over; but, in gratifying our curiosity, we are exhausted by the sensations excited, and we return home half dead.

"This Aristides is truly admirable; it is in the style *non-ideal*, like the bust of Vitellius, at Genoa;—it has a drapery over it, and is upon a plinth; but it has been so much calcined by the lava of Herculaneum, that it is become almost lime. The English going there after dinner, had taken to amusing themselves with giving a spring, and leaping upon the plinth; the least false motion, they must come upon the statue, and it is then reduced to powder. This little circumstance occasioned much embarrassment to Messieurs the exhibitors of the Museum; but how provide, by any regulations, against such a subject of disquietude? At length they hit upon an expedient; they found that these gentlemen did not begin their potations before two o'clock, so they determined that, for the future, the *Studi* should be shut at two instead of four. This fact I have thoroughly verified; several of the people belonging to the Museum shewed me the impressions of the boots upon the plinth.

"At the villa Mattei, I saw the *Seneca* in the possession of the *Prince of Peace*. This celebrated philosopher appears with a very different countenance from the horrible one we are accustomed to see given him. He has the physiognomy of a true gentleman, and is even handsome, with the mien and air of one of our old courtiers.

"I have seen Thirwalsen: he is a Dane, whom people would fain erect into a rival of Canova; but he is about the level of the late Chaudet. At the Quirinal palace there is a frieze by him, which even there does not appear amiss; and at his house he has some very passable bas-reliefs; among others, one of *Somnus*. The Marquis Canova has executed a hundred and thirty statues, and he has invented a new species of beauty. He sacrifices the upper

lip, which he makes very short, to the beauty of the nose. What is thus lost in physiognomy, he atones by the grandeur of the forehead.

"But Canova is too great not to have a party against him. He has, for example, the misfortune not to please the young French artists. He was so good as to shew me the engraving of a picture which he has painted for the church of the village in which he was born, Passagno. He has not only invented a new *beau-ideal*, to represent the Supreme Being, who is no longer an old man, but he has found a singular, though very just means of expressing his immensity. This means is too long to describe;—but I am going to bed. I recommend every body to buy the engraving.

"Bologna, May 4.—There are seven or eight charming Polish ladies here; to me they are the *beau-ideal* of women. They visit the pictures every day, for the purpose of going through a course of the study of the art. This they engaged in under the auspices of a young Dane, who has unfortunately made himself too agreeable to the handsomest of them. The place where the lessons are delivered, is the gallery of that amiable Count Marescalchi who gave so many delightful entertainments while he resided at Paris, in a house in the *Champs Elysées*. I went to-day to this gallery, not for the sake of the lecture the professor was giving, though, in order to get upon good terms with him, when it was over, I asked for a copy of it. After having read five or six pages, he began to explain to us the pictures which compose M. Marescalchi's collection. They occupy several apartments, which are fitted up with furniture from Paris. The pictures, in one of these apartments, are all *chef d'œuvres*.

"You know," he said, "that the Florentine school is distinguished by a boldness of design, which, after the manner of Michael Angelo, carries the projection of the muscles somewhat to excess.

"Raphael, in expression and design, imitated the antique. The perfection of his countenances is to be found in his Apostles and Madonnas. At the commencement of his career he was somewhat cold and dry, like Perrugino, his master. The *chiara-oscuro*, in which he was always feeble, he learnt from Frate. He was a very great man.

"Correggio is remarkable for the most seductive grace,—for the *chiara-oscuro*,—for fore-shortening. His soul was made to renew the antique, without imitating it. The *chef d'œuvres* of his pencil are to be seen at Dresden and Parma.

"Titian, and all the Venetian school, excelled in colouring. Giorgione, a great man, cut off very early in his career, was full of the *beau-ideal* on this subject.

"The Bolognese school is in every way almost the perfection of painting.

"Dominichino excelled in expression, particularly in that of the mild, timid af-

fections. He was excellent in design, in the *chiara-oscuro*, and in colouring.

"Next to him and Raphael, stands Ponsina in point of expression.

"Guido was even celestial in the beauty of his females. His shades not strong, his mild expression, his light draperies, his delicate contours, form a striking contrast with the style of Michael Angelo.

"Guercino was endowed with a singular tact for the *chiara-oscuro*. He copied from the peasants of the hamlet of Cento, where he worked by the toise. His figures seem absolutely detached from the canvass; and he must ever be particularly admired by those who consider the *illusion* as the chief excellence of painting.

"In the Farnese gallery at Rome, Annibal Carracci is ranked among the greatest painters. Many people there class him next after Raphael, Correggio, and Titian. At Bologna, Lodovico Carracci is preferred to him.

"Albano, a cold artist, paints children well, and is fine in the female form; but his women have no souls. He had none himself; he suffered himself to be too much a prey to envy."

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

Mr. Editor,

Permit me through the medium of your excellent Journal, connected as it is with whatever relates to the Fine Arts, to offer a few hints in regard to our Royal Academy, or rather to some of its Members.

I shall premise what I have to observe by a story excellently well told in Mr. D'Iracl's *Curiosities of Literature*; the sum of which is, that an author rushed through the flames to preserve his manuscript works from destruction: a few years afterwards he committed the same works to the flames with his own hands.

The paintings which hang in the Council-room of the Royal Academy are gifts (I suppose them so) from the Members of the Academy, at some convenient time after their election.

Now it may happen that some are elected late, and some early in life; that some are in haste to acquit themselves of this admission fee, others may think proper to take time, seeing that their reputation, as well as the credit of the country, are in some degree connected with the pictures that appear on the walls of the Academy.

I was led into these remarks by seeing, at our annual Exhibition, the almost total eclipse under which some of these productions in the Council-room appear. Making every allowance for the splendour and novelty of the Exhibition-rooms, I have no scruple in saying, that in the scale of comparison with the latter works of some of the members, these earlier productions are truly disgraceful; and I put the question to these Artists, Whether they would like to be judged by the merits of their presented Council-room pictures? It is not to be

doubted but they would answer No; and I hope, if the opportunity were afforded them, they would gladly embrace it, for the purpose of regaining their reputation, and placing it upon a fairer footing.

What I would ask is: Do the laws or rules of the Academy prevent this? If they do not, it is a sort of suicide on their talents not to give their best or more mature performances to a place which they affect to honour.

But if the tree must lie where it falls, then it behoves the future members to weigh well the worth of what they send there.

Why should artists complain of the public neglect, when they thus neglect themselves in so material a point? And does it not give room to the scandalous to say they have made their admission to the honour of an Academician, the mere stepping-stone to the profit and employment that may reasonably be expected to follow such an elevation? not to mention the exclusive and permanent advantages derived from the funds of the Academy, in the event of age or other infirmities preventing the full exercise of their talents.

Upon every ground, I think the establishment of our Beloved Monarch entitled to the best exertions of the Royal Academicians, as well within as without doors. To use the phrase of the connoisseur, as "Raphael in his first or dry manner," and the same artist in his "best manner, when his judgment was matured, by observing the works of Michael Angelo." Can Mr. Turner or Sir T. Lawrence be content to appear in the eyes of the public and of foreigners, in any but their best manner? I repeat it, there is something due to the public, to the Academy, and to themselves, which should make them, as well as others, desirous of improving upon their earlier works, and of being seen to the best advantage among their competitors, especially in a place of council, and of public observation.

If, therefore, there are no regulations to prevent this desideratum, let us hope that an emulous display of talent may appear, where it is to remain a monument of genius, and a credit to the taste of that council which sanctioned the choice of those who are permitted the honour of embellishing their walls.

After this peep at the interior, I beg leave to cast a glance on the outside of the building, and throw out a hint in regard to several of its ornaments. On some of them the hand of Time has already made an impression, which is the more to be lamented, as being immediately within view of the spectator. I mean those which are placed at the entrance of the three offices, the Duchy of Cornwall, Navy, and Victualling. These are in a most excellent style, both of design and sculpture; and it is to be wished that casts of them were procured, and also of the heads of the River Gods, with that of the Ocean, which serve as key-stones to the entrance and lower windows in the front of the building.

These heads are in a noble manner of sculpture, and the difficulty must be obvious, of producing a sufficient variety, without destroying the simplicity and uniformity which their situation requires.

Casts from these, and placed within the walls of the Academy, while they served as a memorial of the skill and talents of the sculptor, would also become useful studies for the young practitioner. These heads, or rather masks, have suffered nothing from the injuries of time, but are so obscure by the smoke and dirt under which they now appear, as scarcely to attract a passing regard.

These hints, Mr. Editor, (however they may be taken) are well meant, and their insertion will oblige your correspondent

PROTEUS.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SONNET.

I seek the fields, the woods, and gentle streams,  
In hopes to pass some calm refreshing hours;  
But, ah! how weak are all my idle dreams,  
Love, love alone, my bleeding heart devours.  
Or if mine eye a glance of pleasure shew  
On some sweet object—hill or circling plain,  
Quick comes the thought that causes all my woe,  
My spirits sink, and I am sad again.  
For since that beauteous and all-lovely Fair  
Hath from these arms by saddest fate been torn,  
Her dear remembrance is my only care,  
And for her sake alone I weep and mourn!  
But vain are tears by fondest friendship shed,  
Nor sighs or tears can animate the dead.

#### FRAGMENT.

Oh! I have seen the crested plumes wave high,  
Have seen the haughty banner lift its head;  
And I have watch'd the glance from Beauty's eye,  
That round the warrior's brow a glory shed,  
Beam'd for an instant, and then vanished,  
Like a bright flash of lightning from the sky,  
That o'er the darkness plain a radiance spread,  
And glid'st th' expanse of Heav'n's blue canopy.  
My path was once as bright, but happiness has fled.

And I have heard the pealing organ swell  
Its choral anthem through the fretted aisle;  
Have heard the distant sound of convent bell  
Chime its last vesper through the lengthen'd pile,  
And my young heart has throbb'd with joy the while.

And I have watch'd the moon-beam's latest ray,  
That decks the valleys with a parting smile,  
Then darts a lustre ere she fades away,  
To light the traveller's path along the deep defile.

And I have heard the tempest whistling round  
The ivied ruins of some ancient tower,  
Whose crumbling walls, now bending to the ground,

Have shelter'd Innocence in ruthless hour,  
When the soft brow of Friendship 'gan to lour,  
And I have heard the foaming billows roar,  
And their rude waves have visited my bower,  
As though they sought to kiss the verdant shore  
Before the storm should burst with unrelenting power.

And I have seen the death-bed of the brave,  
And heard the hero breathe his latest sigh;  
Have seen fair Beauty bending o'er the grave,  
Telling her sorrows to each passer-by:

And I have mark'd her softly beaming eye,  
Whose sadness spoke no language of despair,  
Turn'd with exulting hope toward the sky,  
As though they saw her bleeding lover there,  
Crown'd with a laurel wreath whose verdure cannot die.

Yes—scenes like these my youthful heart has known,  
When life was new, and Hope's fair star was bright;  
But gaily'st light wing has never flown  
Since lov'd Olivia vanish'd from my sight,  
And left me buried in the shades of night.  
No syren voice now greets my list'ning ear—  
No gentle hand supports my languid frame—  
No angel sweetness calms my madness here:  
The world to me is nought—alike its praise or blame.

Sorrow has spread her sable pall for me,  
And Death has pierc'd me with his 'vengeful dart;  
But I would hail the stroke that sets me free,  
And gives Olivia back my wounded heart,  
And bids us meet, aye, never more to part.  
But thoughts like these, for me, are idle dreams;  
Yet welcome sleep, that gives my spirit peace,  
And sheds athwart my soul Hope's radiant beams,  
That for an instant shine, to bid my sorrows cease!

December 26, 1817.

SYDNEY.

#### URIEL.

These Lines were written after seeing a beautiful  
Picture of Uriel, by Mr. Alleton.

'Twas as the artist fashion'd it—  
A thing of Heav'n's, fair, listening—beautiful—  
How like a young divinity it shone,  
Dazzling the sight!—Thus look'd Apollo in  
His youth; and thus, yet more like things o' the  
air,

The delicate Ganymede, or that sleeping boy  
Whom Dian kiss'd o' nights:—  
But, in my dream,  
I saw again the sky-born messenger—  
It stood before me—clear—as now I see  
These forms o' the earth. It was a shape of  
power,

And unimaginable beauty, clad  
In a vest of brightness (star-dropt)—arm'd with  
A spear (celestial temper) while around  
Blaz'd circling light—intense—and far beyond  
Those sheeted lightnings that, by night, cast out  
Their splendours o'er the line,—or the fierce fires  
With which the heathen worshippers invest  
Olympian Jove.—Inclin'd, the vision spoke  
Cheering, and as it spoke, the air became  
Painfully sweet—such odours as the rose  
Wastes on the summer air, or such as rise  
From beds of hyacinths, or from jasmine flowers;  
Or when the blue-ey'd violet weeps upon  
Some sloping bank remote, while the young sun  
(Creeping within her sheltering bower of leaves)  
Dries up her tears, were nought—fantastical—  
It spoke—in tones cathedral organs, touch'd  
By master-hands, ne'er gave—nor April winds,  
Wandering thro' harp's Æolian—nor the note  
Of pastoral pipe, heard on the Garonne banks  
At eventide—nor Spanish youth's guitar,  
Night-touch'd—nor strains that take the charmed  
ear.

Breath'd by the 'witching dames of Italy—  
Sleep vanish'd—and I 'woke to ponder.—Oh!  
What may Heaven's wonders be, if such the  
sight  
It yields us, even in slumber?

II

#### POETIC FEELING

On Reading the Query—"In what consists the  
Essence of Poetry?"—in the last Number of  
the Literary Gazette.

When the fountain of thought seems deserted  
and dry,  
Where springs then its source, and from whence  
its supply?  
Or how the sensations that sleep in the mind,  
From the rude mass of chaos their order should  
find?

Thus bards have presum'd some invisible power  
Presides in, and prompts too, the fortunate hour,  
When the visions of Fancy soft steal on the soul,  
And away o'er the passions a witching controul,  
Thoughts rush on the mind in the language of  
song,

And bear in their impulse the feelings along.  
The life of the patriot—the death of the brave—  
The tumult of battle—the perilous wave;  
The sallies of mirth, or the deep shades of woe,  
Tinge the colours of thought, like the radiant  
bow,  
As in gay or in solemn gradations they rise,  
A cloud o'er the earth, or a ray from the skies.

D.

#### EPIGRAM.

An Old Bachelor's Lament on publishing an  
unsuccessful Poem at the Age of 70.

Well may it force an old man's tears,  
Who can't a mistress get;  
I've courted nine full fifty years,  
And am not married yet!

WALTER.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### MR. ROBERT PALMER.

The lives of the greatest part of mankind may fairly be introduced with the trite remark, "that except to those who delight in tracing the silent energies of the mind, they can furnish little to interest or attach." The memoirs of the hero and politician are read in the history of their country, those of the scholar must be sought for principally in his works; but the good name of the actor lives chiefly in our memory, or is at most recorded by the periodical press, and soon forgotten.

Robert Palmer was born in Banbury-court, Long-acre, Sept. 1757. His father, who had been a soldier under the Marquis of Granby, died when he was very young. He received the rudiments of his education in a school kept by a Mr. Avallo, at Brook-green, Hammermith. At the early age of six, he appeared as Mustard Seed, (Midsummer's Night's Dream) at Drury-lane, and was employed for some time as a page, and about that period was articled as a pupil to Grimaldi the dancer. His first character of consequence was Squire Richard, (Provoked Husband) at Canterbury, in 1773; the following year he attached himself to Mr. Yates's Company, at Birmingham. At the latter end of 1774, he was employed at Drury-lane, in dances and pantomimes, for which, at the close of the season, Mr. Garrick was pleased to give him four pounds ten shillings, being about one shilling for each performance. In 1775, he



was engaged by Mr. Foote, at the Little Theatre, Haymarket: here he began to acquire fame, which led to his establishment at Drury-lane, at both which theatres he remained ever since, except the summers of 1792 and 1803 at the former, and the winter of 1793-4 at the latter, when he was in Scotland. In the season of 1784, the opera of *The Lord of the Manor* having been suddenly substituted for that which was announced, and as Miss Farren was ill, and Mr. John Palmer not to be found, Miss Collet was called upon to read for the former, and Mr. R. Palmer for the latter. Unfortunately, the play had never been published, and as the written parts could not be had, they were obliged to make use of the only single MS. copy. Mr. Palmer and Miss Collet, with each a candle in their hand, were to use the book alternately, and hand it to each other; the former, however, came to a passage so much interlined, that he could not proceed. The audience hissed most violently; upon which Mr. Palmer came forward, and requested that the book might be examined by any gentleman in the pit, to see if the fault could be attributed to him. The book was accordingly handed to a gentleman, who declared to the house that it was illegible. The audience loudly applauded, and the book being returned, permission was granted to pass over the obscure passages. On the departure of his brother to the Royalty Theatre, he undertook his part of Joseph Surface, which had been refused by Messrs. Bensley and Brereton, and also succeeded Mr. Dodd in several of his parts. From that time Mr. Palmer rapidly gained on the public favour, and a new cast of characters fell to his lot. On the 18th of August, the Opera-house was liberally lent by the proprietors, free of every expense, for the benefit of the orphan daughters of the late John Palmer. The house overflowed in every part. Between the comedy (*Heir at Law*) and the farce (*Children in the Wood*), Mr. Robert Palmer came forward to recite some lines written for the occasion by George Colman, Esq.; but after several ineffectual attempts to speak, his affections as a brother overcoming his exertions as an actor, he was obliged to retire, and it was some minutes before he recovered himself sufficiently to deliver it.

He died recently at Lower Belgrave-place, Pimlico, after a severe illness, in the 61st year of his age, being the oldest actor, and consequently the father of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. With regard to his histrionic talent, we entirely acquiesce in the remarks of a critic in the *European Magazine*. "If not very high in his rank as a comic actor, he endeavoured to tread in the steps of his brother, and was at least a very respectable performer. There was no affectation in his manner. He was contented to take the characters which he performed simply as the authors designed, and always filled the outline with spirit, if not with an exuberance of original hu-

mour. In brisk footmen, and parts belonging to middle life, that do not aspire to polished manners and refinement, he gave always a faithful and spirited representation, and particularly in scenes of inebriety." A character of this kind in the comedy of *Ways and Means*, he performed much better than any person who succeeded him, though his Duke, in *High Life Below Stairs*, was perhaps his master-piece. He was social, good-humoured, and good-natured.

It should be mentioned to his honour, that on the destruction of Drury-lane theatre by fire, when several of the performers announced their intention to provide for themselves as well as they could, hopeless of seeing the theatre rebuilt, he declared that, sink or swim, he would stick by the old planks, and never desert his commander Sheridan.

He had not appeared for several years previous to his decease. When last we saw him in the streets, he retained his look of fresh age and beautiful air.

#### JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

If to have enriched "the public stock of harmless pleasure," and to have soothed the cares of life by the fleeting effusions of mimic gaiety, merit honourable notice, the subject of the present biographical sketch is not without just claims to grateful mention and general praise. The degeneracy of the English stage has long been a theme of universal lamentation among the amateurs of histrionic talent. The only rational mode of accounting for this degeneracy, appears to be from the circumstance, that our theatrical corps are chiefly composed of low-born adventurers, who, thirsting for the gaudy honours of the sock and buskin, quit those pursuits for which nature originally intended them. Thus the profession of an Actor—a profession in itself respectable and honourable—becomes disgraced, and those who attend the theatres for edification, retire from them in disgust.

Mr. Holman, to the boast of a classical education, united that of an honourable family, being descended from the younger brother of Sir John Holman, of Warkworth Castle, Oxfordshire, who was created a Baronet by Charles II. Sir John died without male issue, and if the patent had been granted collaterally, Mr. Holman had a claim to the title. The family of Holman was deprived of a considerable portion of their property from a decided part which one of their ancestors took in promoting the Hanoverian succession, in disobedience to his father, who, from religion and political inclination, was a warm espouser of the House of Stuart. This disunion of sentiments divided the father and the son, who fell in the battle of Dunblaine, in 1715, leaving a son, Mr. Holman's grandfather, who failed in obtaining the property of his family, simply from being unable to

produce the register of his father's birth, who had been christened at a Romish chapel. Mr. H.'s grandfather rendered considerable service to government in the rebellion of 1745, and his father also was in the army, though we are unacquainted with the rank which he held.

The subject of the present memoir was born in 1765, and almost in infancy evinced such talents as rendered it an indispensable duty in his friends to give him a superior education; for which purpose he was placed at the Soho Academy, under the tuition of Doctor Barwise, and after his death, of Doctor Barrow, his successor. At that seminary his dramatic talents displayed themselves in the annual exhibitions of the plays of Shakspeare.

A gentleman of most correct theatrical taste, a schoolfellow of Holman's, assures us, that his performances at the Soho School were much superior to those of Master Betty. It is admitted, however, that his endowments in more mature years were not in proportion to those of his youth.

From Soho School Mr. Holman was removed, in 1780, to Queen's College, Oxford, and was genteelly supported there two years by the liberality of his uncle. The stage, however, was his ultimate object; yet, notwithstanding this bias, his application to classical literature was ardent, and his literary exercises were rewarded with approbation, and his propriety of conduct acquired him esteem.

After he had completed the course of learning marked out for him by his patron, he delivered an elegant farewell address to his fellow collegians, and left Oxford purposely to attempt the drama. He made his first appearance at Covent-garden, in the character of Romeo, in 1784. Mr. Hall was his theatrical instructor in the early part of his engagement. From Mr. Harris, whose liberality is well known, he experienced every attention and advantage, and the reports which preceded his *debut* procured him a warm reception, nor did his exertions fall short of what had been expected. At the termination of his first engagement he demanded an increase of salary, which being refused, he quitted London, and resided some time near Oxford, and took a degree at the university.

He afterwards performed in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with *ecclat* and emolument. While in Dublin, where his talents were highly prized, and where he was engaged upon very liberal terms, he formed a connexion with Miss Hughes, a young lady of great beauty. In resentment for an insult offered to this lady, he had a *fracas* behind the scenes with a Mr. Dawson, which accelerated his departure from that city. In 1789, Mr. Holman was again engaged at Covent-garden; in 1800 he was one of the party who presented a statement of grievances to the managers, relative to the privation of certain privileges. These disputes at length came before the Lord Chancellor, who, on giving an opinion favourable to the ma-

nagers, recommended a friendly adjustment of their differences.

The complaints were of course dropped, and the performers reinstated, except Holman, who either was not offered, or would not accept of a re-engagement. After this he played some short time at the Haymarket, and then accepted of an engagement at the Dublin Theatre. Such was Mr. Holman's success in Dublin, that he purchased from his savings a share in the theatre, and divided the management with Mr. Jones; but owing to the distracted state of Ireland, in consequence of the rebellion, being sometimes obliged to perform in the day-time, he soon parted with his property in the theatre, still continuing the management, and performing the principal characters in tragedy.

In 1798 he married Jane, youngest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederic Hamilton, of Richmond, Surrey. This amiable and accomplished lady died in 1810. Before this event he relinquished all theatrical engagements, and commenced agriculturist; but in 1812, he resumed his theatrical profession in America, since which time he pursued his career in that country, and married a Miss Latimer, late of the Theatre Royal, Brighton, a very short time before his death, which took place at Rockaway, Long Island, in the State of New York, on the 24th of August, 1817, in the 52d year of his age.

Mr. Holman, as an actor, was endowed, both by nature and education, with every requisite for attaining the highest perfection in the art. He appeared when on the stage to be vain of the manly elegance of his person, but his faults evidently proceeded from too great a portion of animation, and exuberance of fancy. In regarding Mr. Holman as a dramatic writer, we perceive less to praise. His comic opera of *Abroad and at Home*, performed at Covent-garden about the year 1795, was his first piece, and it met with much deserved success; it was originally called the *King's Bench*, but was prohibited under that title by the Lord Chamberlain. The *Notary of Wealth*, a comedy, appeared in 1799; its reception was not equal to the opera. In the summer of the same year he produced the *Red Cross Knights*, being a mutilation, rather than an alteration, of Schiller's *Robbers*. In 1800 he finished the opera of *What a Blunder*, which excited but little attention. His next piece was a comedy, entitled *Love gives the Alarm*, which was condemned on the first representation. The *Gazette Extraordinary* was also from the pen of Mr. Holman. We have not noticed the riots at the American theatre, in which he was concerned, as they are fully detailed in a preceding Number of the *Literary Gazette*.

#### THE DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—This striking place of public gratification opened on Saturday

last for the season. The performance was *Griselda*, set by Paer, and admirably sustained. Fodor was the patient wife, Mori, Lisetta her rival, Crivelli the husband, and Miss Hughes the sister, who joins in the hard conspiracy to try how far female endurance can go. Of Fodor's voice we have already given our opinion. If wanting the sweetness, mellowness, and expression of an Italian, it is marvellous for a French voice; and she has contrived not less strikingly to escape the style of that infinitely unmusical and affected people; she is never outrageous, never urges her tones into clamour, or her visage into convulsion,—but seldom degenerates even into the common-place of that contortion which the French call a smile; and if she has faults, has them all on the side of languor and long-windedness, dull graces, and imitative and chill attempts at expression. Mori, sister of the late leader of the ballets, is almost new to the stage, and certainly is not without promise. A good figure, though *petite*; a flexible voice, though shrill; a free manner, though sometimes coarse, are among her qualities. Time will give her additional powers, and she has talent enough to make her even now valuable. Doristella, the daughter, was performed by Miss Tree, a slight and gentle looking person, with a voice extinguished by timidity, but altogether filling her place advantageously. Miss Hughes is known, and is always the same, except as she may condescend to change from time to time the colour of her robe or the *quantum* of her plumage. Crivelli exhibits remarkable taste in his dress. His green and gold doublet on Saturday was beyond all comparison superior to Miss Hughes's *jupon*, and his boots and cap might turn proudly on all criticism. We have not time to enumerate the triumphs of the night; in how many songs Fodor was encored, and in how many Crivelli was *not*; how Mori astonished the house with a shake, and how Miss Hughes petrified it with a hysteric. The Ballet was *Ætius and Fulvie*, a very poor story, degraded into a very poor pantomime. This sin, however, lies on the head of M. Favier, who does the honours of the Ballet. The Corps de Ballet enumerates some able, and some very fine performers. Milanie, still unrivalled in her style, and delicate and tasteful execution; Baptiste admirable for agility, and wanting nothing for perfect captivation but a face a little more rising towards the human; Hullin, a youth, a novelty, and most interesting and *saltatory*; Toussaint, clever in the dull detail of kings and consuls; Mademoiselle Le Breton, a short, but animated and active dancer; and last and most striking, Mademoiselle Copere, a *femme magnifique*, tall and tragic, with the step of a heroine, and the countenance of a sultana. It is difficult to look upon this fine assemblage without promising ourselves high indulgence for the season, and it would not be perfectly just to turn from it without giving the proprietor his praise for the libera-

lity which has secured, and the taste which has selected them for his noble theatre. The experiment of lighting by gas has been made here with increased effect, and a chandelier from the centre of the ceiling, unquestionably the most beautiful product of the arts in its style, and the most brilliant that we presume has ever shone on fair faces and superb forms; on the splendours of art, or the deeper captivations of nature.

**DRURY-LANE.**—Has been for the last week equally destitute of novelty and attraction. This ill-fated theatre seems to be fulfilling its destinies, and hastening rapidly to that transmigration, whence we trust it will spring into a new existence, under a fairer form, and with a more intelligent spirit. King Richard III. has been varied by Richard Duke of York; and Lilliput and Harlequin's Vision have filled up the little views and silly dreams of a mis-managed house. We have not one subject for criticism, though one or two are promised for next week.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—At this theatre *Retribution* has reached its sixth night, but does not seem to do so much as it deserves. On Wednesday, the *Point of Honour*, originally played at the Haymarket, was revived here. As this piece is well known, we are relieved from the necessity of going into the plot, which is light and French-fashioned; Mr. C. Kemble, who adapted the drama to our stage from that of Paris, having adhered very closely to his model. The dialogue also is more easy than elegant; more touching than deeply afflicting. Much is therefore left to the situation of the parties, to the circumstances of the fable, and to the exertions of the performers, for effecting that powerful feeling of the pathetic which this play undoubtedly excites in the breasts of the audience. That this business was in able hands at Covent-garden, we may assure the public, when we state that the Chevalier de St. Franc was allotted to Mr. Young, Durimel to Mr. C. Kemble, Valcour to Mr. Abbott, and Bertha to Miss O'Neill: Liston played Steinberg, and Mrs. Fawcett Mrs. Melfort. There could scarcely be a stronger cast altogether; and the tears of the spectators bore ample testimony to the merits of the actors.

Miss O'Neill's Bertha is a delightful essay. Her grace and sweetness, deepening into wretchedness, and finally sinking in despair; her tenderness and affection, contrasted with the horrors to which she is abandoned when she imagines her husband has suffered an ignominious death, and hears, as she supposes, the fatal engines of his annihilation explode; the restoration of her hopes and consequent ecstasies; are all touched with a perfection of art which does seem to be reality. It is justly remarked, that the recurrence of similar passions does somewhat weaken the impressions which their first portraiture makes; and we could add to this a serious regret that the repetition costs this accomplished performer so fearful a waste of strength

and health. It is not possible but her exertions must injure her feminine and lovely form; for Miss O'Neill has not the art of husbanding her resources. Her heavings are from the heart—her expirations of breath from the soul. Others imitate, but she absolutely feels, and the human frame is worn and exhausted by these violent emotions. We trust the Managers will make it a "Point of Honour" not to repeat this part too often.

The Chevalier de St. Franc is a character well suited to Young's genius: dignified, gentlemanly, melancholy, impassioned. His personation of it displayed much taste and judgment, and it requires little more; for except in one or two scenes, there is no room for the deeper emotions. Mr. Charles Kemble is a masterly Durimel, and he bore his share in the distresses of the scene with all the efficacy which the high range of Miss O'Neill's acting demanded. With her he divided the merit and the suffrages of the audience. Nor can any less be said of Abbott's Valcour, except in so far as the part is more unequal, and, withal, less prominent. We do not think it could be more chastely yet vigorously sustained than it was on this occasion. Steinberg and Mrs. Melfort have little room for an exhibition of talent, but they did the *possible*. Upon the whole, the play was got up to greater advantage than it ever before arrived at, and so perfect were the various representations of the characters, that it looked as if the part of each had been expressly designed for them by an author who had accurately studied their particular qualifications, and produced what was best contrived for the manifestation of their abilities.

On Thursday, after the opera of *Ar-taxerxes*, a new dramatic piece, in one act, called *Three Miles from Paris*, was represented for the first time. It is one of those trifles which, to amusement on seriously, would be like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. The main object of the piece is to exhibit Mr. Denning in a variety of characters, probably attempted from a recollection of the great success attendant on *The Actor of All Work*.

The plot (if such it can be called) is simply this. Motley, (Mr. Denning) servant to a Colonel in an English regiment, falls in love with Louisa (Miss Mathews), the niece of a rich widow (Mrs. Davenport), who keeps a tavern at the distance of three miles from Paris. His great object is a desire to convey a letter to his beloved, for which purpose he assumes the character of a French courier, an English grenadier, an author, and a sailor. The aunt contrives always to be present at their interviews, and detects every attempt to deliver the love billet, except the last. The tar, by climbing up the sign-post, and throwing down his hat, which he requests the aunt to pick up, avails himself of the opportunity to give the letter to Louisa, who is seated at an adjoining window.

His master arrives at this juncture of

time; the niece elopes, and the parties are married.

The dialogue is sprightly, and occasional bursts of loyalty run through the whole. We are sorry to say that Mr. Denning's performance did not partake of the sprightliness. The part of the French courier was decidedly the best; the mixture of broken English and coarse French was well managed. The author was flat and uninteresting, and although he was travelling with the laudable view of paying his creditors with the profits arising from the sale of his intended tour, we augur, that if his writing be no better than his acting, they will be little benefited. His sailor was overdone, and we cannot too strongly reprobate the custom of introducing the British seaman in that most disgracefully inebriated state too much in use with our modern actors. We shall say little of the songs, because we cannot speak in their favour; but that one, in which Captain Warren forms the chorus, is so close a copy of the well known song, the *Ladies Diary* and *Captain Clackit*, that we cannot forbear noticing it.

It was, on the whole, quite as well received as its merits deserved, and when announced for a repetition, the sense of the house was most decidedly against it.

#### DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The daily papers are so filled with subscription lists for Cenotaphs to the Princess Charlotte, the relief of distressed seamen, the extinction of mendicancy in the metropolis, and the remuneration of Mr. Hone, that were there any news worth giving, we doubt whether there would be room for it; but there is in fact very little to be told.

The Duke of Wellington remained some time at Paris, where it is believed important negotiations were carried on under his presidency. These related to the claims of Prussia against France; and to the contest between Spain and her Colonies, to accommodate which, it seems, the principal European powers have undertaken a mediation. It is lamentable that the struggle should be protracted; desolating a fine country, and pouring out torrents of human blood. The complexion of the latest intelligence is unfavourable to the insurgent cause. Mina is asserted to be made prisoner in Mexico; on the side of Chili, the royalists are again making head; in Venezuela the rival chiefs have carried their dissensions so far, that Bolívar has executed General Piar, and procured the disgrace of Marino, his quondam associates; and

the government of the United States has dispatched a force against Amelia Island, the pseudo seat of administration to the new Floridan Republic. The impression upon our minds is, that the United States have been got over to the wishes of the mother country, by the cession of the Floridas; however individuals, or parties, among the population, may there, as in England, desire to espouse the opposite side.

At home, in France, and, generally speaking, on the continent, there is literally not a syllable of public news; and even rumour is only busy about the terms of expected loans, or anticipated movements of little importance.

The Journal of Ghent has promulgated some more trash under the name of M. Las Cases; but either this fellow has nothing to tell, or the time is yet to come for his exposures.

On Tuesday the Right Hon. George Rose died at Cuffnells. Many branches of the public service are deeply indebted to him for improvements; and the navy and the poor have cause to remember him with gratitude.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

##### DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

**THE CONGO.**—In answer to the inquiries of several friends, we beg to state that our narrative of the Expedition to the Congo being confined to the Journal of Captain Tuekey, would close in one other Number, which brings that portion of the unfortunate enterprise to the catastrophe announced in our first chapter—the death of nearly every individual concerned. This concluding Number we have delayed, in weekly expectation, that the official work on this interesting subject, announced by Mr. Murray, would make its appearance; then, intending to add the review of the new and scientific parts to our original relation, and thus consolidate the subject into an entire and complete history.

We lament to observe, that accounts from Sierra Leone mention the unsuccessful return of the exploratory expedition into the interior from that quarter. The party proceeded only 150 miles from the Rio Nunes, when they were stopped by the jealous hostility of a native prince, and compelled to measure back their steps. Several of the officers died, though only one private, out of about 200. The animals nearly all perished. Captain Campbell died two days after reaching Nunes, of fatigue and vexation, having tried every means in a four-months negotiation to obtain permission to prosecute his mission. He, and another officer, were buried where Major Peddie was laid a few months before.



## VARIETIES.

**AN ANCIENT CROWN DISCOVERED IN SCLAVONIA.**—On the 23d of last March, in making a road at Mallier, a little village in Sclavonia, as the wife of a soldier named Gasparowich, was turning up a clod with her pickaxe, she found, about two inches deep under ground, a piece of metal rolled up, which she took for iron, and threw it into the road. At a second stroke she discovered the basket-formed vessel; which, in the opinion of all who have considered it with attention, is supposed to be a crown. It consists of two parallel circles of strong gold wire twisted together, which are about four inches asunder, and connected by a spiral ornament in this form  $\times$ . The inside of the crown, shaped like a hat, consists of a braid of the same kind of gold, which surrounds a net button in the middle, in rose-shaped braids. The whole weighs a little more than 24 ounces. The diameter is equal to that of a small hat.

As the workmen's attention was attracted to this valuable relic, it was soon discovered that the whole mass was gold. By chance a corporal came up, who gave notice of it to the captain. Immediately on the following morning, the ground in that place was dug up five or six fathoms, and carefully examined; but nothing farther was discovered. Since the 25th of October, the crown has been at Vienna, and it is not doubted but that this curiosity will be delivered to the Imperial Treasury or Museum.

**THE DOG MIME.**—Who has not heard of the celebrated piece called *The Forest of Bondy*, and of the applause which the dog of D'Aubry has obtained in Paris, London, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Leipsig, Cassel, &c.? There is nothing new under the sun: see what Plutarch relates—*de solertia animalium*!

I must not pass over an example of canine ingenuity of which I was witness at Rome. A mime, who performed a complicated piece, in which there were many characters, had a dog with him, which made all kinds of gesticulations necessary for the representation. He afforded a striking proof of his talents, after taking poison, which was to produce sleep and then death. He took the bread in which the poison was given him, and, after he had eaten it, he pretended to tremble, to stagger, and to become giddy; and then he stretched himself out as if dead, and let himself be pulled and dragged along as the progress of the piece required. When, from the dialogue and action, he saw that the moment was come, he began to move himself by degrees, as if he awoke out of a profound sleep, raised his head, and looked about him; he then approached the person required by his part, and evinced his joy by his caresses, to the great astonishment of all the spectators, and even of the

old Emperor Vespasian, who was at the time in the Theatre Marcellus.

**THE UNLUCKY RESEMBLANCE.**—Platonius, an old grammarian, writes, in his little Essay on the difference of Comedy, "The masks (in the middle and lower comedy) were expressly made as caricatures, through fear of the Macedonians and their tyranny, lest by chance there should be some resemblance of the Macedonian sovereigns, and the poet should be punished for it." At the time when the French were in possession of Hamburg, a new curtain was put up in the German theatre in that city, on which Vice was represented as flying from triumphant Virtue. Davoust fancied that the countenance of Vice bore a likeness to Napoleon, and obliged the manager, by his menaces, to have the curtain repainted!

**BLASPHEMOUS FLATTERY.**—In one of the late papers of *L'Ermite en Provence*, we find the following passage, which presents another instance of the ridiculous and impious flattery lavished on Buonaparte:—

"M. L'Abbé Aillaud, Professor of Rhetoric at the Royal College (of Montauban), in a poem called the *Egyptiad*, in which he had first compared his hero (whom he now compares to nothing) to Jupiter and to Mars, made, with great taste, a transition from the Heathen Mythology to the Bible, and exclaimed, addressing Mount Tabor,

"O, Tabor! ébloui de ta gloire suprême,  
Tu vis sur ton Sommet, triompher Dieu lui-même,  
Tu devais voir encore, pour combler tes destins,  
Triompher à tes pieds, le plus grand des humains."

"Go and hang yourself, M. le Marquis de L.\*. Your famous apostrophe, 'God created you, and reposed himself,' is inferior to this triumph of Mount Tabor, which, after having beheld God in his glory, has seen, to complete its destiny, the greatest of mortals triumph at its feet.—This is what may be called a delicate eulogium!"

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

January 8—Thursday.

Thermometer from 36 to 43.

Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 40.

Wind W. by N. and W. by S. 1.—A fine day for the season.—Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Friday, 9—Thermometer from 31 to 49.

Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 10.

Wind S. and S. by W. 1.—Generally overcast, and very close, with rain at times.

Saturday, 10—Thermometer from 46 to 53.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 99.

Wind S. by W. 1.—Generally overcast, but about noon the sun appeared.—Gnats were flying about this morning.—Rain fallen, 0.5 of an inch.

Sunday, 11—Thermometer from 46 to 51.

Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 81.

Wind S. and S. by W. 1.—The morning heavily overcast; a misty rain about noon; in the afternoon the clouds dispersed quickly, became

quite clear by six, when a large and broad halo was to be seen; about seven a heavy shower, which was succeeded by about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour's starlight, when heavy clouds were formed, and rain ensued about nine.—Rain fallen 0.5 of an inch.

Monday, 12—Thermometer from 36 to 44.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 30, 22.

Wind W. and S. W. 1.—Morning and noon very fine, afternoon and evening cloudy.—Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.

Tuesday, 13—Thermometer from 45 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 96 to 30, 05.

Wind S. W. 3.—Generally overcast, with rain in the evening.—Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Wednesday, 14—Thermometer from 39 to 53.

Barometer from 29, 93 to 30, 07.

Wind S. W. 3.—Very heavy showers at times, with gusts of S. and S. W. wind till two, when the wind became W. but by sun-set the wind again changed to S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Latitude 31. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Juvenis is thanked for his communication respecting the *Alisma Plantago*, of which we trust to avail ourselves fully next week.

Clerus is informed that we decline publishing his letter. We are old-fashioned enough to think the Capital of the Constitutional Pillar as necessary for its beauty and utility, as the Shaft, or even the Base. We cannot therefore admit as "a proof of our impartiality," an invective against the Bench of Bishops, and a sneer at Her Majesty. Our venerable Queen has set an example to all Wives and Mothers in these realms, which it would be happy for society, were common to her subjects, and with miserable unauthenticated scandal we have nothing to do; further than this, perhaps, that we have known asserted slanders about the parsimonious habits of this august Personage, to be distinctly the reverse of facts, and have heard charges of an opposite nature, founded on the most liberal and generous actions. With regard to our being severe on Bishop Watson, merely because he was a Whig; we take his own word for it that he was no such thing,\* and presume to rely on the general impartiality of our publication as a proof, that though we deliver our opinions freely, when political matter is so mixed up in any work with literature, as to render it impossible for us to avoid it altogether, we are utterly exempt from party prejudice, and take a broader basis for our views than either Whig or Tory would approve in a partisan.

Kate was too late. Shall appear next week, with several Communications in the same predicament.

\* "The Whigs had power for a moment; they quarrelled amongst themselves, and thereby lost the King's confidence, lost the people's confidence, and lost their power for ever; or, to speak more philosophically, there was neither Whiggism or Toryism left; excess of riches, and excess of taxes, combined with excess of luxury, had introduced universal *Selfism*." See Anecdotes of Dr. Watson's Life.

Bensley and Sons, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.